Serfojee Rajah 1827

THE

# BRAVO'S SON;

OR, THE

# CHIEF OF ST. MALDO,

A Romance.

INTERSPERSED WITH POETRY.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

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BY WITHAM FARROW,

AUTHOR OF SEVERAL FUGITIVE PIECES.

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# INTRODUCTION.

THE following pages were written for the stage, and were in the form of a Melo Drama, and the reasons for their making their appearance in their present shape will be found in the following Scenes:—

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Manager | . . . | Mr. H***** |
| Ditto | . . . . . . | Mr. JOHN K***** |
| Ballet Master | . . | Mr. F***** |
| Author | . . . . | Mr. FARROW. |

O. P. Not opposite Prompt, but opposite Prudence.

P. S. Not Prompter's side, but side of Prudence.

*Curtain draws, and discovers the Managers.*

H.—I have appointed the Author to be here at eleven o'clock; what shall we say to him, he pesters me in such a way that we must either bring out his piece, or send it out of doors; do you know, Sir, the first *thing* I clap my eyes on, when I come down stairs in a morning, is this cursed Author, sitting in my arm chair, with his knees in the fire. I can never eat a breakfast after seeing the fellow, and all I can say has no effect upon him; there he stands, swinging the door upon its

hinges, in hopes I shall ask him to stay breakfast; I never was so teazed since I have been a manager; I say, Sir, we must kick him and his Melo Drama to the ——

John K.—I, too, have pondered on the work; and, in the scope of my opinion, it will not do.

H.—Does any one patronize him?

John K.—This manuscript was accompanied by letter from Mr. T—, of the Dublin Theatre; he is

likewise known to Mr. W——, the Member for Y—shire; but he, you know, is a man whom above all others we ought most to despise; he was the man who opposed the bill of * *** "Oh!!! it fills my bones with aches but to name him."

H.—It gives me the rheumatism to think of him; but you know, Sir, we have a piece in preparation by a celebrated author, called "Ogre and Little Thumb," and that name will strike, Sir, infinitely better than the Bravo's Son. I do not like the title, and I endeavoured to persuade

the author to alter it, but the obstinate fellow would not; he seems to me to have a natural affection for it, and upon my honor, I have sometimes thought that this Melo Drama is his own Life; for he looks more like a rogue than a gentleman.

John K.—*(After a long pause.)* "It must be so, H * * * *, thou reasonest well, else whence this—."

*Enter Ballet Master.*

Well, Mr. F——, sit you down, Mr. F, and tell us what you think of this fellow's production.

Ballet M.—Why Sir, really Sir, —my opinion, Sir, is of so little consequence, that I—excuse me, gentlemen, if I decline giving any opinion upon it.

(A tragic shake of the head from Mr. John K.)

John K.—But, Sir, we have sent for you to say whether it would answer the interest of the Theatre or not.

Ballet M.—Why, Gentlemen, I do think, and when I give my opinion, I hope it will be understood, I mean no offence in differing from Mr.

John K.— but really, gentlemen, I do think if the piece was dressed according to my idea, and if it was to be received with approbation, I say, I think it would go off very well.

H.—I am exactly of your opinion, Mr F—, I certainly think it would go off the first night, never to come on again.

John K.—But, Sir, do you think any one would, with patience,sit and hear it out? Why, Sir, throughout it is a vile copy of Rugantino; the scene between this fellow's Robber

and the Baron, is precisely that of Rugantino and the Duke of Venice.

Ballet M.—There, Sir, excuse me, I am on the prompt side, I speak with deference; that, sir, is the scene for business ; a fine start for the Baron, Sir, a fine start; not but that I can make a start at the falling of a hair, but that ----.

H.---We are not starting a hare now, Mr. F---; all we want to know is, could an audience sit to see the piece played, with any degree of patience?

N. B. The Managers brows should be corked to a frown.

Ballet M.—They could—*(aside).* Why, Gentlemen, I think they could not.

John K.—You are i' th' right, Mr. F---, you are i' th'—*(a start)* alack the Author!

*Enter the Author (bows).*

Author.—Gentlemen, good day: I have waited on you for the three hundred and sixty-fifth time this morning, to know your determination; I have not brought my shoemaker's bill to shew the quantum

of shoes, &c. worn out in this ballet-dance ; I merely come, Oliver Cromwell-like, to dissolve the long parliament.

John K.— Why then, Mr. Author, we must tell you, and that finally, your Melo Drama will not do. In the first place, we have no cast for your hero ; what is his name Mr. author ?

Author. Why, Sir, it being nearly two years since I have seen the MS. I really have forgotten every incident in it.

John K.— Well, never mind, I can make myself understood, I take it.

Ballet M.—*(aside)*. That will be a difficult matter, I take it.

John K.— We have no performer for your principal Character, and we cannot waste the time of a good actor in an afterpiece, *( a hum from the Ballet Master at the words* good actor *.)*

Author. That is a rule, Sir, the other house does not so strictly ob-

serve, for we often see Mr. Elliston contribute to the gratification of an audience in an afterpiece.

H.—Well, but that is not the point; the gratification of an audience is but a secondary consideration; but, Sir, ask the Ballet Master whether your piece is calculated to promote the gratification you speak of.

Author.—I believe I need not, Sir; we have already spoken together on the subject, and he has expressed himself according to my wish.

Ballet M.----Why, gentlemen, really, as I said before, so I say now, that if I were Manager (a very unlikely thing to be sure), but as I said before, if I were Manager, I could dress the piece at a very trifling expence; I could cut up the dresses of * * * * * *

[Here, most likely, there was some interruption, or that the author did not wish to hint the way in which the peacock trappings of one piece is borrowed to deck that of another; or, that the author had by this, arrived at the bottom of one

of his pages, and had lost the following sheet; or that his modesty withheld him from naming some rattling compliment of the Ballet Master; or that---in fact, what you please: but the fact is, that at the end of another pause, which followed a very wise speech of Mr. John K --- , the author took but two strides to the table, put his manuscript under his arm, made a very low bow, and said:

Gentlemen, I have the honor of wishing you a very good morning; at the same time permit me to

thank you for the trouble I have had with you ;—[*Exit Author*]— who directly retired to his lodgings, which is a study, as near the MUSES as can possibly be ; boild the only remaining egg be had left, which he eat upon a three-legged stool, without salt ; seized his pen, and in a frenzy threw it into its present shape.

# PREFACE.

" This Bravo kills too many," some will say ;
But, to such rash assertors, I say nay :—
For I can clearly shew, and shew I will,
My bravo does not half so many kill,
As doctors, authors, aye and ladies too ;
( Ladies, your pardon ; but I must name you,
For oft you kill ) " aye ! how ? " some sceptic cries,
How ? do you ask ?—Why, with their piercing eyes :
And, if you think what I affirm not true,
But that I speak as poets all will do,
Let them consult their glass ; they'll say "he's hit me ;"
Then turn their eyes in pity and acquit me.
Authors score reputations by the score,
And patients doctors patiently kill more .

And now, since doctors we have chanced to mention,
I'll tell a story (not my own invention,)
Merely to shew, that killing does not lay
Alone with poets, as some critics say :—
Two friends, brought up at college, one as brave
As t'other was a coward, chanc'd to have
A quarrel, as to which wigs were the best;
The crop of Rosser, or the scratch of West.
A lady gave a ball and masquerade,
At which the scholars both, in pomp array'd,
Attended; but, as Herman plainly knew
His dear friend's courage was not very true,
He sought occasion somehow to confront him.
And soon, before the lady, did affront him.
This produc'd words, mere words, and nothing more;
Oh, nothing, but it made the wound quite sore,
Which Herman made, about a week before:
He called him coward, and bid him resent it,
Label said, No; but that he should repent it.
In course of time, the one became a proctor,
His friend, poor Label, he became a doctor!

It so fell out, that Herman had a fall,
Plump from his horse, which broke ribs, legs, and all;
And fate, hard-hearted fate, not yet content,
To break his bones, but straight to Label sent,
To come, and cure poor Herman if he cou'd.
"Herman!" thought Label, "can I do him good?"
But, zounds, I'll go and plaster, cut, and pill him,
I'll cure — no, gad, I mus'nt cure—I'll kill him.
Time makes great changes, it had chang'd his face,
So that when Label came to hear the case,
He was not known by Herman, I assure you.
"Doctor, shall I recover?" "Yes, I'll cure you
Of all your pains, and aches, and whims, and
motions."
And the next day he sent a case of potions,
Made up of physic, nauseous drugs, and lotions,
"That *cured* him! no—that kill'd him, to be sure:
Now, did you ever know a doctor make a cure?
Did not this robber rob him of his breath;
Did not he murder him for brother death?
"But, Author, had he any scruples? stop—"
None in his consci          only in his shop.

Some will stand forth, and boldly claim applause,
A poor knat buzzing round a tiger's jaws;
While I, submissive, wait in trembling awe,
To hear your judgment, and in peace withdraw:
Then, like a statesman, to avoid contention,
I'll make my bow—retire upon a *pension!*
Yet, what's the pension that my heart beguiles,
The *sunshine* of your looks—I mean *your smiles.*

THE

# BRAVO's SON.

## CHAPTER I.

'Tis ever thus:
Black is our prospect in this vale of sorrows;
And if perchance a ray of hope break in,
It comes but as the meteor of the night
To mock us and be gone."

RANDOLPH and Henry had been reared by the fostering hand of the good Hugh de Seymour. They pursued

their studies together; their amusements were alike; their pursuits the same; till it was thought proper that they should leave the university in which they had received their education. The were welcomed by the baron and baroness with the warmest affection.

One morning the friends had been exercising in various warlike sports, and returned rather fatigued to their meal. The rosy hue of health played on the mantling cheek of each. The baron met them with a smile; he looked at Randolph, and taking his

hand, with a deep sigh, requested his attendance in the library.

He obeyed with alacrity, and found the baron sitting at a table in a pensive posture. He arose at Randolph's entrance, and leading him to a seat, desired his attention. Randolph, struck with the solemnity with which the baron spoke, silently took a seat, and waited with a beating heart the result of the interview.

"Randolph," said the baron, in a mournful tone, "it grieves me much to tell you that you are not my son."

"Not your son, sir! merciful heaven! whose then am I?"

"That I know not; but listen: one evening, when the outer gate was shut, and the servants were making merry in the banquet hall, they heard the horn at the castle gate wound with uncommon power; they started from their seats, and awaited the issue in mute astonishment—no one came; again the horn with hollow sound wound round the high vaulted roof; some of the domestics went to the gate, and found the porter asleep: upon which they opened the small

wicket, and discovered a man of immense stature enveloped in a black cloke: the maidens drew back in affright; while the men rushed forward to know the cause of an intrusion at so unseasonable an hour. The unknown advanced to meet them; and throwing back the garment which enveloped his form, discovered to the terror-struck domestics a body cased in steel. They were about to close the postern gate, but placing himself before it, his voice unnerved their limbs."

"Why do you fly?" exclaimed the unknown; "I am no enemy; here

is a packet for the baron; deliver it to him—so good night."

"Then giving them a small basket, he instantly disappeared."

The servants eagerly closed and double barred the wicket, and hastening to the castle, delivered me the basket——but, conceive my surprise when, on opening it, I discovered——*thee*—

"Merciful heaven!" exclaimed Randolph.

"A coarse woollen rug was wrapped around thy little form, to which was attached a label with this inscrip-

tion: *pity me, for I am the child of misfortune.*"

I had scarcely been married a week when this event happened; and when you first saw the baroness, my wife, you stretched forth your little arms as if to claim her protection.

"Aye! little innocent," she exclaimed, "perhaps thou hast never felt the fond embrace of a mother; but in me thou shalt find one. They did well to send thee to my dear Hugh; *he* too shall be thy father, thy protector; such, Randolph, were the expressions she used; such the endear-

ments; and well thou knowest she hath kept her word."

"Kept it! aye, my more than mother!"

"Thou art now approaching manhood; therefore I thought it were best thou shouldest be made acquainted with these circumstances—*keep them a secret from the world*—be still my son, I will still be thy father. Now leave me; compose your agitated spirits, and let them not see at the table any traces of sorrow. Go, Randolph."

With a heavy heart he quitted the library, and proceeded to the lawn,

whither he was soon joined by Henry, who remarked the change in his countenance.

"What is the matter, Randolph? What can have happened to agitate you thus? Does it proceed from the interview you have had with the baron? or ——"

"Do not enquire, my brother —— *my* brother! Ah, no Henry, thou hast *no* brother!"

"What! have I not a brother in Randolph? Yes; my heart feels that he has always been a kind and affectionate brother. How then, Randolph,

can you say that you are not my ——."

"No, Henry; I am not related to thee, nor ever was. I am the object of thy father's bounty; perhaps the offspring of infamy; deserted by my own parents; left at the baron's castle gate; and by him brought up as his own."

"But thou art my friend; and therefore still my brother: and I still, still love thee, Randolph. Come, wipe away that starting tear; let us to breakfast; and do not let my mother see thou hast had any cause for sorrow."

At this instant the friends were interrupted by the approach of a servant to inform them the breakfast waited.

Randolph had forgot the charge of the baron to "*keep it a secret from the world;*" and he now felt agitated to appear in his presence: but the kind attentions of Henry soothed him, and he entered the breakfast chamber perfectly composed. The baron admired him for the propriety of his conduct, under circumstances so heart rending.

One evening, about a week after this event, the domestics were assem-

bled, according to there usual custom, to dance with the vassals of the baron; when an aged harper was seen slowly passing the windings of the vale beneath. He sometime after appeared amongst them, and craved their charity. The baron ordered him to be taken to the castle and entertained, which order the domestics cheerfully obeyed: they led him to the hall and refreshed him. He was covered with a grey surtout, his eye-brows were white, and a beard of the same colour flowed down his breast. The night was cold, the wind whistled round the

immense pile of building, and they made still larger the heart-cheering blaze, and drawing their benches around it, they requested the harper to amuse them with a proof of his skill. He drew his hand across the deep-toned wires, and sung the fate of

WILLIAM TELL and HELEN the fair.

Deep in the vale by yonder blue mountain,
Dwelt the fair Helen, the pride of the dell;
Who oft by the side of the clear crystal fountain
Had heard the soft vows of the fam'd William Tell.

Oft in the convent have they sung the psalter,
(For maids in the valley their history tell);
And Helen so fair pledged her vows at the altar,
That none should espouse her but dear William Tell.

I swear by my father's rough tomb, where I pray oft,
And vow to revenge his sad murder so fell;
And there has his sprite heard me vow, heard me say oft,
That none but my Helen should wed William Tell.

Farewell then, my love, oh! pray for me ever;
And soon I'll return to sweet peace in the dell:
And when I return, I'll not leave thee, no never;
And thoul't be the bride of the blest William Tell."

Away William flew on the strong wing of glory:
But, ah! in the battle the stout hero fell!
And now as you pass by, you hear the sad story,
How one grave held fair Helen and brave William Tell.

"Poor Helen! brave William Tell!" exclaimed each voice, as the dying strains of the harp ceased to their eager listening.

"Aye!" said old Bertrand, "but 'tis time we should disperse; shew the minstrel his pallet, and on to-morrow's eve we will again enjoy his melody."

## CHAPTER II.

"Art thou the being that did give me birth?
Art thou the man whom I must love—revere—
And looking up to as a second God,
Call by the kind endearing name of father."

THE sun's bright beams shone full o'er the face of nature ere Randolph quitted his couch—he dressed and proceeded towards the shrubbery but started with surprize at perceiving the aged minstrel pacing with quick steps the walk before him; he accosted him with

"Good morrow, old man, you are early."

"Habit renders it familiar, my lord, —but if it is not too great a liberty may I request two minutes conversation with you?"

"Certainly, if there is any thing I can do for you! speak."

"Well then," said the harper, "what money have you about you?"

What money friend? that is certainly a strange question.

"Not at all, lend me all you have! lend me twenty ducats."

" Twenty ducats ! that is a great sum for you to require."

" No such great sum considering the affinity I bear you."

" The affinity *you* bear to me ?"

" Yes, boy, wouldest thou refuse it to thy father?" so saying, he threw off his surtout and discoverved, to the astonished Randolph, the armour and order of the banditti of Saint Maldo. " Thou surely wouldest not."

" My father ! good heavens ! do you know my father ? Speak ! ease my bursting heart, ere the tender thread of life is burst for ever !"

"*I* am thy father!"

Randolph dropped upon the arm of the banditt, who gazed upon the pale features of the youth with savage satisfaction; at length he came to himself; he fixed his eyes upon the dreadful visage before him, and again closed them in horror.

"Come, Randolph," said the banditt, "no more of this, I shall not harm you; why do you turn away from your father?"

"My father!" exclaimed Randolph, with an instinctive shudder, "no! no!

no! *you* are not—cannot be my father—go leave me—leave me."

"Leave thee? never! Hear me, boy: if thou hast any doubt upon thy mind that I am not thy father let it now be cleared; upon thy left breast thou art marked with a blood-stained cross;—am I not right?"

"Oh heavens I am—I am—what fate am I reserved for—go, fly, I beseech you before the domestics of the baron find thee; for if thou art seen I, thy son, must fasten the bonds that must bind thee fast! must ——" he paused.

"What! wouldest thou lift thy hand

against thy father," exclaimed the Bravo; "or think you that I would flinch though the daggers of all the barons slaves were lifted against me; know then that Hugo could ——."

"Hugo! art thou, Hugo, the murderer of our prince? Oh, merciful heaven aid me."

"I am! Dost thou not glory in having such a father, whom all the neighbouring princes and their fawning nobles dread secretly, in spite of their public boasted courage. Mark me, I shall reassume my habit, I shall sleep at the castle to-night. Thy finger on

thy lip; if I should catch thee babbling, thou wouldest not see to-morrow's dawn—begone!"

Randolph, eager to quit the presence of the monster, fled; but ere he quitted the walk he turned to take a look at one who had avowed himself his father. The bravo was still standing on the same spot; but the instant he saw Randolph he motioned him to be gone; and drawing a dagger from his vest, held in a threatening attitude the glittering blade to the straining eyes of Randolph, who hastened towards the castle.

The day passed in the exercise of the different warlike sports which were taught the two friends by Edric the warden of the castle. Randolph remembered his father's intimation of remaining at the castle that night—he trembled. Many a time, while gazing upon the features of the good Hugh de Seymour, would the secret tremble on his lips, then the idea of destroying a parent!——what a situation for Randolph; his anxiety encreased, and he left his friends under a plea of indisposition.

Retired to his chamber, he cast him-

self upon a chair; his eye was fixed on vacancy, at length he arose, and as he paced with hurried step his apartment, on his dressing table he discovered a piece of paper; he hastily took it up; 'twas addressed to himself; he tore it open, and read as follows:

'When the castle clock tolls twelve, expect me in this apartment; get ready what property you have, and prepare to leave the castle; let silence bind your lips, nor let the fawning tongue of friendship unseal them.—Remember, and at twelve expect

HUGO.'

"Merciful heaven, for what fate am I reserved," exclaimed Randolph, "little did I think when picturing to myself gay scenes of future felicity, little did I think that my future life would be condemned to the gloomy vaults of Saint Maldo. Where now Randolph is thy boasted happiness? Where is thy glittering hopes? Alas they are fled for ever! fled, never to return! Oh, the misery of this moment! Randolph a robber's son; perhaps, ere long, a murderer—no, no, it cannot be—never shall my yet guiltless hand be raised against the life of a fellow creature.

My father may threaten, may torture this still aching body; but I will live an honest man in spite of fate."

Such were Randolph's thoughts as he eyed the mysterious billet; he was surprised how it could be conveyed there.

The day passed sluggishly on; he left his chamber, and joined the company in the saloon, who observed his ailing look with heart-felt sorrow. He passed with them the evening, and often did he look around the lofty apartment as if to take a long farewell. The good old baron, who thought his

indisposition arose from the knowledge of the circumstances he had communicated to him, endeavoured to divert him; it was all of no avail: he trembled at the approach of every footstep: at length Henry, taking his arm, urged him to go to the hall to hear the old minstrel, of whom Jacques had spoken in such raptures.

"I dare say," added Henry, "he is some humstrum old fellow who goes harping about under a pretence of diverting the domestics, while he lays his hands upon every thing that comes in his way."

Randolph was hurt; for it was his father: he felt for him, but did not speak. They had by this time arrived amongst the servants, who instantly arose at their entrance.

"Do not let us interrupt you, we came merely to hear your musician's harmony," said Henry, "therefore be seated."

"Aye, your honour," said Jaques, "he plays fine, I assure you; who would think to look at such an old scorpion-faced, long-bearded ——."

"Silence, sir," said Randolph, "and learn to respect old age wherever you see it."

"Your honour must excuse him," said Edric, "he has been tipling according to custom."

"No such thing, your honour, there have only been two bottles drank among us all," stammered Jaques.

"Aye, but both bottles have been drank by you," exclaimed one of the domestics.

Hold your tongue if you please, but my nice good old man play us over that pretty little song about 'Mary will ye;' that one you gave us before their honour's came. I always liked to hear about Mary, because my wife's

name is Margaret, and that's all the same."

The harper struck some rambling sounds; then with pathetic voice sung the ballad of

### POOR MARY.

Poor frantic Mary,
So sad and forlorn;
The sylph or the fairy
Might envy thy form.

In thy wild attire,
With many a tatter torn;
Unconscious of thy sire,
Whose tears are to thee borne.

But, ah! thou dost not know,
Thy fleeting sense is fled;
And misery and woe,
Both tell thy lover dead!

Adieu, adieu, sweet maid,
May heav'n watch over thee;
The helpless and betray'd,
A heart still bleeds for thee.

He ceased.—Randolph and Henry were astonished at the melody of his voice, and the skill of his touches. The harper appeared not to heed their praises, and received their reward without thanks. They left the hall, and separated for the night, each to his own apartment.

## CHAPTER III.

What means this boding terror that usurps,
In spite o'me, dominion o'er my heart;
Converting the sweet flow'r of new-blown hope
To deadly night-shade; pois'ning to my soul
The fountain of its bliss.

MAHOMET.

RANDOLPH in vain strove to drive from his remembrance the near approach of the hour. He had selected a few articles of apparel, and awaited the approach of his father. At length the dismal turret bell tolled the hour

of midnight. Each stroke fell heavy on his panting heart—it ceased.

"Oh heaven," said Randolph, "must I be torn away from all my heart holds dear: must I ——— ."

Three gentle knocks proclaimed the approach of Hugo—he sunk back in his chair: they were repeated—he arose, unbarred the door, and the robber rushed in with a dagger, unsheathed, in his hand.

"My father, what means this? why that look?"

"Hypocrite! thou wouldest destroy me! thy father! wouldest thou?"

"Me? my father! what mean you?"

"Where are they? drag them forth, before this dagger drinks thy heart's blood!"

"Oh, spare me, spare me; hold thy hand; tell me the meaning—who—?"

"What voices were those I heard in this apartment?"

"My own, my father; my own, bewailing my sad destiny."

"Thine! thou shouldest think of thy father's before thou throwest thy destiny into the scale of fate: but thy foolish heart should beat with pleasure instead of alarm. Come we have no

time to lose; my followers, in anxiety, await their leader. Are these your jewels?"

A faint "yes" proceeded from the labouring breast of Randolph. Hugo seized his arm, and passing through a pannel in the apartment entered into a passage just wide enough to admit them: the robber closed the door, and drawing a lantern from under his cloak they proceeded along the passage. Randolph expressed his astonishment that his father should be acquainted with this secret passage, which was unknown to himself and to the whole

household. Hugo bid him be silent, and they proceeded onward: at the end of the passage a door appeared, which opened at the robber's touch: they found themselves in another apartment, which they crossed, and at the further end Hugo raised a trap, so artfully concealed as to defy the nicest observation; they then descended some steps (having lowered the door) for a considerable time, until they had reached the bottom, when a cavern appeared before them; at the upper end of which a strong torch-light denoted the steady observance of the orders of Hugo.

"Oswald," he exclaimed, "is it thou, my faithful fellow?"

"Aye, captain, every thing is in readiness," was the reply. "Oh, you have brought Randolph; well, I shall be proud to resign the lieutenancy of the band to so noble a youth: but let us hasten, a few of my comrades await you on the borders of the forest."

The lights were extinguished, and they left the cavern. Randolph observed they closed the door after them, and were some time replacing the bushes against it; then each of them taking an arm of Randolph, they has-

tened onward, and were soon joined by a few men, with a suitable number of horses, on which they in silence mounted, and soon forgot all idea of danger, in the thick foliage of the forest; they travelled at full speed for near three hours, at length they arrived at the foot of a mountain, and having tied a cloth around the face of Randolph proceeded: after some time they stopped, and he heard the voice of Oswald congratulate Hugo on his success, observing to their prisoner that they had arrived at his father's palace.

"And my future home," sighed Randolph, mentally.

He had heard them salute some person, and immediately they began to descend some rugged steps: Randolph was grasped on each arm by two of the banditti; who traced, with familar steps, the ground on which they trod. As they proceeded a confusion of voices was heard, which grew more clamorous on their near approach, the bandage was removed, and Randolph discovered, with horror, near two hundred men seated at an immense table; villain was stamped upon the coun-

tenances of all, and before each stood a horn filled with liqour: no sooner did they observe the approach of their chief then, rising from their seats and taking their helmets off, they made the vault re-echo with their shouts, and "Long live our gallant leader—long live Hugo," was roared from the gaping throat of each. He presented Randolph to them, who shrunk back as if polluted by their touch, till the thundering voice of Hugo recalled him.

"There," said the chief, "sit down, and let this goodly company know what trouble I have had in convincing

you of your welfare; tell them what risks I have run, what hardships I have suffered, and how you requite me."

"Oh, father," said the supplicating Randolph, "do not break a heart that is already bursting, have not I suffered in my turn? have I not felt ——."

"Silence, thou chicken-hearted boy! thou woman; but I will teach thee how to hate, despise thy former self; to wade through tides of blood till thy warlike deeds surpass thy father's."

"Never, said Randolph, "shall my hands be imbrued in the blood of my

fellow creatures; never shall they commit a deed at which human nature revolts; never shall they be employed in any deed where virtue does not point the road."

"Are we to have any more of this cant?" said Hugo.

"My eyes may witness scenes of blood at which my heart will sicken, but ———."

"Be dumb, I say; leave off this whining cant;—methinks they should have made thee a monk; but they should likewise have taught thee obedience to thy father, and as they have

not the task devolves on me. If I find you backward the rack shall be your school for obedience; and when it has fully taught you your lesson, then shalt thou own thy father's lenity.

"Drag me to the rack!" "exclaimed the frantic youth, "I prefer dying now —— innocent while I am, than to be brought publicly to it hereafter, for vice my nature shudders at.—No, monster—thou my father! thou my parent!—impossible——."

"Bind him! gag him! stop his prating," roared Hugo: his orders were obeyed, a gag was put in his mouth,

and he was compelled to hear the jeers of the gang, at what they termed his mock virtue; the pain the gag put him to was dreadful; his hands were still at liberty, he endeavoured to extricate it but in vain: a desperate resolution entered his agitated mind, the golden-handled dirk of Hugo lay glittering on the table; he seized it, and before he could be prevented had plunged the dreadful steel into his breast; they removed the gag, and conveyed him bleeding to a couch.

## CHAPTER IV.

Oh! wond'rous spring
Of youths elastic mind, which, at one bound,
Leaps from the deepest gulph of sad despair
E'en to the highest pinnacle of hope.

WHEN the morn arrived Henry flew to the chamber of his friend, but he was not there. Supposing him in the pleasure grounds of the castle, he was rejoiced at thinking him better, and went thither in search of him: not finding him there he hastened to the bower

which Randolph called his own, but his search was fruitless; and with a lingering pace the disconsolate Henry bent his steps toward the castle.

"Where have you left your brother?" enquired the baron.

"I have not seen him," was the reply.

"Not seen him," exclaimed the baron, "good heavens he must be ill, have you been to his chamber?"

"I have, but he has left it."

"Where can he be?" said the baroness, "let the domestics be sent in search of him."

Henry eagerly dispatched them, with orders to this effect, and again went to his apartment. He was struck with the confusion which appeared there; the lids of the trunks were open, and part of the wardrobe of Randolph missing: he hastened to the saloon, and sinking upon a couch he remained unable to utter a word; his parents flew to him, seized his hand, and begged him to speak to ease their anxiety.

"My friend is gone!" said Henry, "gone for ever!"

"Gone where? how?" enquired the baron.

"I know not; his wardrobe is missing, he slept not here last night."

At this instant a servant approached to inform them that the harper whom they entertained was also absent, and all the doors leading from the apartment where he slept to that of Randolph were found open; that the harp stood in the room he had occupied, and attached to it by a piece of ribbon was a note, which he presented to the baron, who tore it open with eagerness, and read as follows:

"The old harper returns you thanks for his entertainment; but little did

you think whom you had the honour of regaling. Perhaps at some future period he may claim his harp. Farewell."

"Then the mystery is developed," said Henry, "'tis this monster who has stolen my friend;" and he instantly hastened to the porter.

"What persons passed the gate before sun-rise this morning?" he eagerly enquired.

"I saw no one, my lord," was the reply.

"Not any person pass the gate?"

"None, my lord."

Henry left him and returned to the saloon.

"Alas, poor Randolph!" sighed the baroness, "heaven knows I loved thee as a mother loves her child; how hast thou repaid it?—to leave the protectors of thy youth, and the friend of thy bosom."

"Never believe, mother! never believe it," quickly said Henry; "I can read the heart of Randolph full well, and I know it incapable of repaying your generosity in a way so base. I will seek him to the world's end but I will find him: yes, my friend, thy

Henry shall be thy avenger. Twice hast thou saved my life—once when the grizzly boar unhorsed me you sprang to my relief and saved me; at another time too, when I sported on the smoothened surface of the lake until the deepening shore led me incautiously astray, and I sank beneath the stream, there too the arm of friendship saved me; my friend was there, at dangers beck, and dragged my fainting body to the shore.—Oh never, so long as life flows round the heart of Henry, shall he cease to remember the gratitude he owes to Randolph."

"May they ever be engraven on thy memory, my son!" said the baron, "thou shalt go, thou shalt hasten to his relief; I love him as my own: to-morrow shalt thou commence thy journey to the Grand Duke, he shall hear our tale, and we will claim his assistance."

The domestics returned from their search: old Bertrand was their messenger.

"We cannot find him my lord; every nook has been searched, every avenue explored in vain: not a cottage on your whole domain has been left unsearched by your servants."

"We must trust then to providence. —Bertrand, remove the harp into my study; there it shall remain; and if ever the owner comes to claim it let him be secured; he is an imposter, 'tis he that has carried off Randolph."

"But, my lord," rejoined Bertrand, with submission, "how could so old a man as the harper compel the young Randolph, against his will, to leave the castle, when he excels the stoutest of of your lordship's soldiery, both in strength and skill at arms?"

"'Tis not to be accounted for, Bertrand; but so it is. Tell Jaques to

pack up a change of linen, and hold himself in readiness to accompany his young lord to the capital at sun-rise to-morrow.

The day passed in useless conjecture; at night Henry pressed his restless couch, and sought in vain the healing balm of sleep, which came not to his aid; and in the morning he took leave of his parents and, accompanied by Jaques, set forward on his journey.

## CHAPTER V.

"Faith and thou nurses well the can."

HENRY and his attendant proceeded towards the capital, and about noon arrived on the borders of a forest.

"Well, Jaques," said Henry, "shall we stay here till the sun declines, or shall we go to yonder woodman's cottage?"

"Just as your honour pleases," said Jaques, "for my part I would as soon

stay here, for you see signior I have not forgot the most essential part of a traveller's equipage," disylaying at the same time a cold pheasant, some cakes, and a flask of wine; "and if your honour will but fancy the ground a banquet board, and this old flask a golden goblet, I warrant the provisions will lose little by the comparison, for by this time your honour must be as hungry as a hunter, and as dry as Jaques, so here's to your honour's health."

Jaques was good company for the flask, and reaching some cakes to his master said,

"I know your honour dont like wine, therefore as you prefer water I shall be under the disagreeable necessity of emptying the flask before I can run to the brook for some."

"I certainly do," replied Henry, 'at meals."

"I beg your honour's pardon, but I was just going to say I am very happy to hear it."

"Aye, Jaques, you are a wet soul."

"No, your honour, I'm a dry soul, but I was born on a wet night; I remember my old mother used to say she longed for ———."

"Never mind what she longed for; what think you of the wars, Jaques?"

"Think of them, your honour, why I think it must be dry work; in truth, it makes me dry to think of 'em, so here's to your honour's father's health, heaven bless him.—Why your honour, Bernardo says our castle is haunted."

"Haunted, ha! ha! ha! then it must be with choice spirits."

"Why so I told him;" 'but,' says he, 'Jaques,' says he, 'you know nothing about spirits, Jaques:' 'Dont I,' says I, 'that's all you know about it;' 'why I've seen 'em,' says he, 'in the

great hall, at their entertainment:' 'oh then,' said I, 'I see's how his honour, the baron's, wine goes:' 'ah but,' says he, 'the castle is as full of ghosts as the duke's purse is full of guilders."

"You are not afraid of spirits certainly Jaques?"

"Ha! ha! your honour's a wit;—spirits, no, bless your honour, if I was I should not hug the bottle so; but here's to the success of our journey."

"Aye, Jaques, I'll drink that toast myself, therefore hand me the flask."

"I'm extremely sorry to say that

the flask's as dry as I was before I tasted any of its contents; but I know your honour prefers water so much, that that's the only reason why I dispatched the liquor so quick.

Away Jaques flew to the brook, and returned with the flask filled, which he presented to Henry, who said,

"I am afraid Jaques you would not have given me the flask, if the contents were any other than what they are; but drunkenness is a shameful vice."

"Why bless your honour I am no drunkard! I love a little drop to be

sure, but what I swallow is owing to my bringing up. There was my father and mother, now they, indeed, loved a drop now and then, but as for myself I am as sober a man as any in Christendom; though I must confess I think they corrupted me by leaving the bottle in my way after they had fallen asleep over it; and your honour knows I'm no saint at resisting temptation; so I generally finished it, and when they awoke they always discovered poor Jaques laying on the floor with an empty flagon at his lips:—but I'll sing your honour an old English song,

a favourite of father's and mine, while you finish your meal.

SONG.

Bacchus, they say, that best of jolly gods,
One day when his senses were terribly at odds,
He danc'd and he drank without calling for the bill,
Wile Momus laugh'd so hearty that for once he had his fill.
Of the tol lol de rol, &c.

Bacchus rose up, and towards home did jog,
But the moon, like his head, was all in a fog;
And between two stout trees it was his scurry luck,
That the faster he tugg'd—why the faster he stuck.
By the tol lol de rol, &c.

To Vulcan he roar'd, and the moon heard the
clatter,
She popt out her head, and says she what's the
matter?
'Why,' says Bacchus, says he, 'if you wont help
me out
I wish you would send me a bottle of stout.'
To sing tol lol de rol, &c.

"So you see your honour when a man is in trouble wine is the best vessel to sail in till he has passed the shoals of doubt, and steered clear of the rocks of difficulty."

"But oftener," said Henry, "wine instead of carrying you through the

forest of life leaves you sticking between two trees, as you left Bacchus just now."

After they had finished their meal they re-mounted their horses, and before night reached the city of Florence without any thing worthy of note, except Jaques reminding his master what good wine they sold at every tavern they passed on the road.

# CHAPTER VI.

"Shut from the light of heaven in cavern'd cells
——————————— and left to pine
In bitterness of soul."

TWO of the banditti who had conveyed the bleeding Randolph to his couch returned to inform Hugo that Pierre (who acted as surgeon) had attended him, and declared that the wounds were not mortal, and hoped to effect his cure in a short time.

"Well, my friends," said Hugo, "do

not let this trifling accident break up our harmony; charge your horns, and let a sparkling goblet of rhenish drive care away: I will give you the song of our troop.

BANDITT's SONG.

The soldier boasts his trophied spoil,
Hard earn'd in fields of glory;
'Tis ours to reap more fruitful soil,
Nor less to shine in story.

What though his valiant arm doth wield
The sword, the foe defeating?
We bravely dare untaught to yield,
Nor think of base retreating.

Then let the soldier's laurels shine,
By friend, by foe respected;
If fortune smile we'll not repine,
Though by the world neglected.
CHORUS.—Then let, &c.

A thundering chorus followed, the vault re-echoed with their shouts; again their horns were filled, and again emptied, till many a lion-heart was lost in stupidity.

When morning's break shewed faintly from the east Pierre left his couch to visit Randolph, whom he found faint from loss of blood, but able to rise. He sought Hugo, and informed him of

the small consequence of the wound. Hugo was pleased, but observed that when he visited Randolph he would again assume the father. About two hours after the surgeon's visit, Hugo entered the apartment of his son.

"Well, Pierre, how is your patient?" asked Hugo.

"I hope he will be able to leave his bed before night-fall," was the reply.

"I am sorry for it," gloomily, said the bravo, "'tis a pity such a hot-brained youth should not pay dear for the trouble he occasions people; let me see the wound—pshaw, but a scratch

—well I dare say you will not again wish to lancet yourself; but if ever you should want bleeding mind me we have a surgeon, I brought him many a long mile on purpose for such business."

Pierre sighed as he paced the chamber with folded arms, and his eye bent to the ground.

Such company, however, was not for Hugo, he was for private, his active fancy, ever busy, was planning the destruction of a noble baron who inhabited a neighbouring castle. To his chamber then he retired, to ponder in

secret on the deeds of blood that would make him master of the noble's property.

When Hugo left them, Randolph questioned Pierre as to the meaning of the chief's words 'I brought him many a long mile on purpose;' "they were in allusion to you, were they not?"

"Yes, seignior, and I will explain them to you by giving you a sketch of my life, and the reason of my being among this herd of brutes."

## *The* SURGEON'*s* TALE.

"My profession was that of a surgeon, which being brisk my connections were numerous. I shall pass over the early part of my life, and merely name the reasons for my being an inhabitant of this abode of wretchedness and misery.

"One evening as I was sitting in an alcove at the bottom of my shrubbery, I heard the groans of some one in distress; I flew toward the place I thought the sound proceeded from, and found a man bleeding on the

ground. I bore him in my arms to the house, and took off his vest, but what was my surprise and horror when on opening it I discovered the dreadful mark of the banditti of Saint Maldo."

"What mark are they distinguished by?" asked Randolph.

"Are you then ignorant?—'Tis a blood-red dagger which is imprinted into the flesh upon the breast of each: this was made known to the country round by proclamation from the Grand Duke, with a reward attached to it for the apprehension of any of the banditti who wore that mark. I trembled when

I discovered my patient, and thought at first to deliver him into the hands of justice, but then the misery of his situation revived the pity I had at first felt for him, and I attended him during the day with the greatest care. Before the close of evening he seemed to revive, and a few hours after he was able to converse, he thanked me in the warmest manner, and promised to reward my diligence largely, but I refused to listen to him: again he urged me and again I refused. I advised him to endeavour to repose, which would be of infinite service to him,

and having wished him well, I left him to retire to my couch: I had scarce thrown myself upon it when a loud knocking at the outer gate caused me to rise, I hastened to it and found several of my neighbours with a seignior and his servant at their head, who had come to demand if I had a wounded man, as the seignior had been attacked by a single robber, near the back of my house, and had wounded him so severely that they thought it impossible for him to move far. I answered they must be fools, indeed, to think a robber would dress his wounds so near

the place where he had endeavoured to commit the robbery; or did they think that I would harbour an outlaw? I stopped with them no longer, but in a seeming pique at being disturbed, again entered my house, and the neighbours soon dispersed.

"I went into my patient's room, to see if the noise had awakened him, and found him sitting upright on the couch, with a dirk in his hand, as if expecting a foe: I told him how I had dealt with them; he thanked me; again talked of reward, and then flung himself at full length on the couch.

"In the course of a day or two he was entirely recovered; and one morning being called out to attend a patient, on my return home I found my house deserted: on a table, in the room the robber occupied, I found a paper with these words:—

"Thou hast used me nobly, I thank thee; though thou dealest in scruples thou wilt have none at accepting the enclosed, which will pay thy debt and fully close thy account with

HUGO."

"How I trembled at the name! How I panted at the idea of having

in my possession a bauble which, perhaps, had been the price of some poor victim's life, I carefully laid it by, with the full intent of returning it if ever in my power.

"About this time a patient came to board in my house, and one day on my return home from a visit, I was seized and cast into prison without being told my offence, or the name of my accuser.

"The next day I was carried before the baron, in whose province I resided, and there found that the patient, my boarder, was the com-

plainant, and the fatal jewel the witness against me.

"My patient stated, in evidence, that being out one day in the south part of the province, he was attacked by banditti, and robbed of the diamond then before the court; that, on my leaving home, he was searching my closet for something to amuse himself, when to his surprise he discovered his lost jewel: he had brought a person forward who swore to his having set it for the seignior; the result was my conviction. I was again remanded back to prison, and the next day

brought up to receive sentence, which was, that I should be broke on the rack before my own door: think Randolph my agony—think of my sufferings—to be thus condemned to forfeit my life for an offence of which I was innocent: they led me to my cell more dead than alive, there to await, in misery, the morning's dawn which was to bring me death.

"Toward midnight I grew more resigned, and my prayers were addressed to heaven, to give me power to bear the dreadful fate with the fortitude of a christian. Just as the hour of one

tolled I heard footsteps in the passage leading to my dungeon, they approached nearer, the bolts were undrawn, and my jailor entered the cell.

'Pierre awake,' said the voice, softly.

"Is it possible for one to sleep, I returned, whose misfortunes are like mine?

'I should come,' he continued, unmindful of the interruption, 'I should come to remind Pierre that at the dawn of morning you die, but I come to remind you that Hugo is not forgetful of past favours, and that he now risks his life to save yours.'

"I flew to his embrace, and hugged him to my bosom as my deliverer: having freed me of my chains, I left the cell with hopes of liberty; I followed the robber in amazement, who, with cautious steps, trod slowly along the darkened passage: we at length arrived at the gate, he unbarred it and we found ourselves without the walls; fear lent us wings, and we flew from the place that had been the innocent cause of my sufferings. We continued till morning's dawn brought us to this place. When we had rested awhile, Hugo informed me that about ten days

before, two of the troop had the misfortune to be overpowered, and were carried to the same prison, in which I had been confined, that being brave men he was unwilling to lose them; therefore, having disguised himself, he went to the city and forged a letter, purporting to be a recommendation from a baron some leagues off; he easily obtained the appointment he sought, which was that of under jailor, he had liberated his comrades, and was preparing to leave the place when I was arrested; he then determined to release me also, which he did in the

manner I have related: therefore you see this must be my future place of residence till death: for even if it were possible for me to leave this den of misery, I should be in danger of having the dreadful sentence passed upon me the moment I should be recognised in any of the towns in the dominions."

## CHAPTER VII.

" The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord——is cable to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss——it breaks at ev'ry breeze."

THE good old baron passed his days in melancholy sadness, deprived of both his children, for each one shared alike in his love; each claimed alike the doating name of parent: oft did he pray that the succeeding morrow would bring back the wanderers; often would

he ponder on the mystic means employed, respecting the departure of Randolph, and the more obtruding thought usurped his mind, the more was he convinced the supposed harper must have been accessary to it.

One night, when all the inmates of the castle had retired to rest, he sat with his eye bent upon the harp, which leaned against the wainscot side, thought followed thought in quick succession; again the minstrel flashed across his recollection, and he thus exclaimed:

"Cursed old man, 'tis thou that art

the source of all my misery, 'tis thou that with base ingratitude has repayed the hospitality of de Seymour; 'tis thou who hast stolen my son, and hast planted thy envenomed sting in the heart of him who from motives of pity had taken thee in. Oh, monster, could I see thee now——!"

"Look up then, and thou mayest," exclaimed a voice in hollow tones.

De Seymour started; then turning a hasty glance toward the place where the voice came from, he beheld the harper. He laid his hand upon his sword, but the nervous grasp of the intruder arrested his intention.

"What wouldest thou, de Seymour; I come not to harm thee—restore me my harp, 'tis that which I have come to claim."

"Villain!" replied the baron, "where is my son? where is Randolph?"

"Silence, returned the minstrel, "I am not disposed to be questioned in so lofty a strain; neither shall you speak so loudly, for the domestics may hear, and if they do I shall go without your questions being answered."

"Viper! where hast thou hid my boy?"

"Where? in a place where greater

men than Hugh de Seymour would tremble to approach," replied the undaunted harper.

"Tell me instantly, or this moment is your last," exclaimed the baron; who had unsheathed his sword, but which the harper with manly force wrested from his hand.

"This moment my last! think you then that thy old withered arm can overcome mine, which has ever been invincible—I am not what I appear to be, though I calmly hear your insults without resenting them; but they are titles which the mouths of every one

rehearse against the banditt, Hugo, who ———."

"The banditt Hugo, art thou him? oh, name my Randolph's ransom; half my domain shall be it, if thou require it?"

"No—no—I want not that;—money I've enough."

"And where is Randolph?" enquired the baron.

"Where should he be," said Hugo, "but with his father: dost thou think that because the world cries out upon me I cannot feel like a father; aye, perhaps more so than those whose cries

are so violent. What am I to be deprived of the feelings of nature; no, believe me old man though my profession be what it is, humanity reigns triumphant in my palace, and the friends of my solitude ——."

"Are alike famous with thee for humanity; how comes it then so many murders are committed by their daring hands? how comes it that they plunder the peaceful homes of the hapless village—merely because he cannot resist their force. Humanity triumphant! if it be—give me a proof, give me my son."

The feelings of de Seymour became too violent, and he sank upon the couch, for a while lost to the misery of thought. At this instant the distant sound of footsteps approached, and Hugo fled, having first secured the object of his mission.

Soon de Seymour revived, and found himself in the arms of the wondering domestics, who had heard their master's voice at that unusual hour, and fearing some accident, had hastened to his relief.

"Where is the robber? where is Hugo?" eagerly he enquired.

"The robber, Hugo!" they repeated, looking at each other.

"Yes, the old minstrel and Hugo are one and the same: see the harp is missing: search the room, search every avenue till ye find him, for somewhere within the castle he is concealed."

## CHAPTER VIII.

"He the army sought,
But upon peril, in the range of death
Resolved to hunt for fame, and with his sword
To gain distinction which his birth denied.

A FEW days after Hugo's, visit he again came to enquire after the health of Randolph, and found him mending fast.

Randolph raised his eyes, and met the side-long glance of the Bravo, which

was directed in glistening transport towards him; a sensation that cannot be described took possession of the trembling youth, as with a beating heart he viewed the dreadful look of his parent. Hugo sat upon the couch beside him, and took his hand within his own.

"Well, Randolph," questioned he, "how dost thou find thyself, art any better, or dost thou intend to keep possession of thy pallet for ever. I should have thought the youthful fire, in thy veins, would soon have driven off so slight a mishap. Young men, like you,

should be seeking other company than that of old Pierre, the surgeon; when I was your age, my actions corresponded with those of my noble countrymen. I sought for glory in the field—obtained it; and when the wars were over, because I did not receive the reward I conceived myself entitled to, I turned my back upon the ungrateful people I had, with my blood, been serving, and became what you now see me—that is a freeman; they have outlawed me 'tis true, but what of that? they fear me more than ever slave did the most absolute monarch: the life of the Grand

Duke e'en hangs upon my nod, and were I to speak the word, before to-morrow's dawn he would lie stretched in death. But Randolph I have business for thee, I wish thee to go to the capitol; a concern of some import requires my attendance elsewhere or I would myself go; therefore in a day or two thou shalt commence thy journey, the distance is short and will not fatigue thee, thou shalt hereafter have my instructions; for the present farewell."

On the third day from the visit of Hugo, Pierre entered the cell of his

young friend with a small pacquet of letters.

"These," said he, "will amuse us to night; I stole them from your father's apartment, and they seem to be letters which have passed between him and your mother: there are but three, we will place them in order of date, and examine their contents."

The first letter which appeared to bear date, was from Hugo Rufus to Annette his wife, and was in the following words:—

"You would expect me last night, my Annette, as usual, but an unfore-

seen accident prevented my wished-for release from the drudgery of this cruel master. Dorcas came to me, and desired I would meet him in the duke's study, at the hour of ten last night, which I accordingly did, and he there explained to me his reason for wishing to be thus secret: 'Know,' said he, 'that the duke's daughter is in love.' 'Well,' said I, 'and what then, will that soften my master's temper, because it has softened my young mistresses' heart.' 'Pooh,' he rejoined, 'thou wilt no more be treated as thou hast been, only swear to observe the com-

mands of the duke in future, and I will ensure thee independence.' 'Well,' said I, 'proceed.' 'Thou dost remember Albert, the orphan son of Glenhill.' 'Aye, well what of him?' 'Why this night he is to marry Adela, they have spoken to a priest from the neighbouring convent to perform the ceremony, who informed the baron of the plot, hoping, thereby, to be well rewarded, nor was he mistaken, for a heavy purse was his companion home. Now this is what is required of us: at twelve the lovers meet at the ruined alter of Saint Anselmo; thither, some minutes be-

fore the time, we must repair, and at the signal of the baron, who will himself be disguised in the robes of the friar, we are to seize the culprit and convey him to the dungeons of the castle.' 'Well,' I rejoined, 'and what is our reward, say you, for this?' At this instant the duke entered the library and taking my hand, at the same time putting into it a well laden purse of gold, saying, 'This, and ten times its value shall be thine, serve me but with fidelity:' as he finished speaking he left the room; and we prepared to put his orders into execution.

Some time before the hour, we concealed ourselves behind the altar: at the next instant Albert was there likewise, he left the altar and walked impatiently amidst the gloom of the cloisters; the moon shone through the creeping ivy boughs, and we saw him haste toward the entrance, and, after a few moments, he returned leading in the trembling Adela, accompained by one of her women. As the last stroke of twelve tolled, the mock friar was seen to enter the gloomy porch with cautious step. Albert flew to meet him, and seizing his hand hurried him along:

while he with well counterfeited tread, seemed tardy with old age: the holy missal was opened, faintly burnt the lamp, upon the shrine of the holy virgin, which dimly shewed the time-worn edifice, and the remnants of future grandeur. The hand of the blushing Adela was fast locked in that of Albert, who, transported at the idea of so soon claiming her his own, exclaimed, 'Now, my Adela, soon shall the bonds of holy wedlock make faster still the bonds of love which binds thy heart to Alberts; soon shall I press thee to my beating heart, and claim

thee ever mine.' 'Never shall she be thine villain;' exclaimed the impatient baron, throwing off his disguise, and seizing the panic-struck youth with a strong grasp by the wrist. 'Here,' he continued, 'take your prisoner, you know your orders, but on your lives be secret as to his fate. The poor unhappy youth was dragged from all his soul held dear; many a lingering look he cast behind upon the fainting Adela. Indeed, my Annette, the heart of your husband melted at the sight, and much I wished to be rid of the task I had undertaken. Adieu,

my love, it will be some days before I can behold you: how is our son? Caress him for me, and let him return the kiss of

HUGO RUFUS."

*The next was from Annette to Hugo, and ran as follows:—*

"Leave, leave, my Hugo, the dreadful place you now inhabit, and fly to peace and Annette, How my heart bled for the poor lady, and for Albert; how I pitied them and *you* the forced instrument of such vile and barbarous measures. Randolph is well: when I had read yours, I kissed each chubby

cheek, aud prayed he might *be like his father*; he smiled on me again, and lifting up its little hands, seemed to wish to kiss his mother's cheek for thee.— Oh, Hugo! do not stay; such scenes as those will turn your heart, perhaps estrange it from home and me. Come, my Hugo, and dry the dry the tears of your

"ANNETTE."

*The third Letter was from Hugo.*

"Thou mayst well say, Annette, my heart will be turned; such sights have I witnessed that once would have

made it sicken; and though I have seen the dart of Death strike a comrade in the battle's heat, and have not trembled, yet now I tremble at the precipice on which my life hangs tottering. This morning, after conveying the food of Albert to his cell by a private staircase, known only to the Baron, Dorcas, and myself, I met our Lord, who slipped into my hand another purse of gold; when he had turned his back, Dorcas claimed a share, but in such peremptory terms, that I was not disposed to comply with his request. His abuse at this increased, and I told

him he should not have a single piece. This enraged him to such a degree, that laying his hand upon the hilt of his rapier, he swore, if I did not instantly share the purse, he would take the whole by force. At this I drew the purse from my pocket, and casting it on the ground, exclaimed, 'There lies the purse, draw thy rapier and let the prize be the victors, and if thy heart be as strong as thy words are high, it will be thine.' 'Come on, then,' he cried, and aimed a stroke at my head, which I warded. I soon found by the manner of his attack he knew nothing

of the small-sword, and when I had completely tired him out, so that he dropped his sword, I laughed outright at him, and stepped forward to reach the purse, but before I could take it up, the villain's dagger struck my arm. I again unsheathed my sword, and running at him with a deadly thrust, it entered his breast, and he fell on the already stained floor, and he drew the sword from its fastening; I lifted up the body and conveyed it, by the private stairs, to the cemetery, where I buried it yet warm. I was in the evening closeted with the baron,

whom I informed of the circumstance; and though he commended me, I felt the chilling hand of terror tighten fast upon my heart: he gave me directions for the removal of Albert, whom he was desirous of sending beyond seas; and informed me he had disposed of the castle to one Baron de Seymour, who would shortly take possession of it, as he meant to retire, with his daughter, to an estate in the southern part of the kingdom; therefore, Annette, there is hopes of our again meeting not to part again; which, believe

me, is the first and only wish of your husband,

HUGO RUFUS."

"So then," said Randolph, "Annette was my mother; whom the varying Hugo had so soon forgot, so soon was weary of—as to tear me from her fond embrace, and leave me a helpless orphan at the gate of Hugh de Seymour. These letters account for his thorough knowledge of the secret passage I was led through on the night of my leaving the castle.

"Aye," said Pierre, "and this Annette was for some time a meek sufferer

in the gloomy caverns of Saint Maldo, without the troops' knowledge of the relationship of Hugo to her; grief at length wore her out, and she was carried to the neighbouring town by two of the gang, in the night, and left, with full cost for her burial, at the sexton's house. The flinty heart of Hugo for once expanded, and he suffered me to send again to the sexton's, with a piece of gold, the following lines, to be written upon her monument :—

"READER,

If every feeling has not fled thy breast ;
If pity's drop ere glisten'd in thine eye ;

If every dormant feeling lies at rest;
Rouse thee, my friend, nor stop the rising sigh.
Meek suff'ring soul thou'rt left the seat
Of earthly ills. Thy guileless heart
Ceas'd here to feel, ceas'd here to beat;
And fled to claim its better part.
So reader may thy portion be:
The step of death comes quick and sure.
And may thy kindred live to see
Thy life so holy—thine so pure."

They were here interrupted by the entrance of Hugo; they concealed the letters, and the banditt informed his son that on the morrow he should commence his journey to the capitol; and

bidding Pierre leave the cell, he continued his instructions as follows:—

"When you leave the main street you will turn to the right, and the doors of the Recorder's palace will be before you; pass them: and in the third street, on the same side with the Recorder's, you will observe a small white dwelling, this is the residence of Paul Aslek, the Jew: knock with thy staff thrice, and the door will be opened: lay thy right hand upon thy left breast, and extend the other, in token of friendship to him; he will make thee welcome, he knows thy business,

and will again dispatch thee to me, when the commission he is entrusted with is completed. Rhodarno will be thy companion to the city gates, where he will leave thee: but mark me, Randolph, let not any idle thought ever enter your mind respecting your escape, for it will be impossible; though you will be some leagues from our abode, still will the spies of Hugo follow your every action, and the mere attempt would probably bring you death. Weigh well what I have told thee, and be in readiness by the fourth hour of the morning.

## CHAPTER IX.

"Is it possible
That love should of a sudden take such hold?
'Till I found it to be true
I never thought it possible or likely."

SHAKESPEARE.

HENRY having stopped at the principal house of entertainment in the city, sat down to consider of the most probable means of gaining information of his friend. Jaques was in waiting,

and Henry chanced to cast an eye on him, and observed his downcast looks.

"What ails you, Jaques?" he enquired, "what have you lost?"

"Not my appetite, your honour, for I've not had any thing to eat these eight hours."

"Well then go below; order the supper; you shall not be long without a meal."

"Nor if I was at your honour's father's castle I would not be long without a bottle of good ———."

"Aye, Jaques, I had forgot, and a bottle of rhenish."

"There, your honour sees, if I had not happened to remember the bottle you would not have had it; but I've a very good memory, for I never forget the way to the wine cellar."

"That was owing to the many times you had occasion to go: but you would as soon have forgot the way to your mouth as the way to the cellar."

"That's a thing I've often been puzzled at, your honour, finding the way to one's mouth in the dark; though now I come to think on it, when a man's made pretty free with the bottle he is not much in the dark, though its

pretty foggy; for it lightens his bottle, lightens his pocket, lightens his head, and lightens his heart; but the supper, I forgot the supper. Two bottles I think your honour said."

"No Jaques, only one; I think you have been at the bottle already, by your blundering."

"Why then that's a plain proof, your honour, I hav'nt, for I never blunder at the bottle; and besides, I should see double, not think double; one bottle—very well, your honour."

Away went Jaques to fiulfil his commission, while Henry could not help

smiling, in spite of his thoughts, at the whimsicality of the fellow. He wrote to the Recorder of the city, to whom his dispatches were directed; and having forwarded his letter he awaited his answer, and on its arrival found it contained an invitation from him to spend the few days he should remain in the capitol at his residence.

In the morning he was introduced to Francisco du Croz and his lovely daughter. The heart of Henry beat quick as he lowly bent to the beauteous Julia; and when he raised his eye, and met her modest glance, his pant-

ing heart beat with a sensation t
then unknown. The questions of Fra
cisco, relative to his father, remaine
unanswered; or if he caught the re
collection of his having spoken, his an
answers seemed so vague, so uncon
nected, that he was fearful the loss o
his friend had taken too deep hold o
him; but far different were the thoughts
of Henry while gazing on the blooming beauty before him. Father, mother, friend, all were driven in distance; all hid behind the glowing beauties of Julia.

The day passed on, unmarked by

Henry, and at night Francisco requested his daughter would favour their new guest with his favourite Spanish air. She smiled consent, and turning her harp, drew from the cords such sounds that Henry's heart beat quickly, as he viewed her graceful position.

She began the requested

SONG;

Pity, Signior, pray
Hear a poor blind boy,
Who passes many a day—
Ah! destitute of joy.
Compell'd, alas! to roam,
No parents, friends, have I—

No place to call a home,
    No comfort, save a sigh.

Thanks, gen'rous stranger, I
    Have nought that thoul't receive;
A prayer, a tear, a sigh
    Is all I have to give!

She ceased? Henry sat some time immovable, his penetrating eye fixed on the charming musician, unable to make any addition to the praise bestowed on her, by her doting parent—such exquisite harmony never reached the adamant heart of man before. But when, with a stolen glance, her eye met those of the enraptured Henry, with

what modest grace she withdrew them —then, when he recovered from the extacy of the moment, how animated was his look! how graceful, too, his every action, as he returned the noble minstrel thanks for the repast in which his soul had fed with so much satisfaction! A deeper blush usurped the face of Julia, as she smiling returned an answer to his compliments; he observed it, and 'twas answered by a glow of inward satisfaction from himself.

At night he retired to his couch to think, to dream of Julia; and the morning when he again beheld her, she

looked more lovely than before. This day was spent as had been the former; a week stole unheeded by—his friend, his home, were alike forgot; yet sometimes would a thought dart across his mind of Randolph, and of what might be his sufferings, but the presence of Julia banished them far, very far, from him.

Among the numerous friends of Francisco Vanhillo Gortz, the confessor of his household ranked formost! a man in every degree worthy the confidence the Recorder reposed in him; he was a favourite of Julia, conse-

quently soon made a vast progress in the affections of Henry; whatever time the adoring Henry could spare fiom Julia, was spent with Gortz; sometimes before the close of evening would they, accompanied by Julia, stroll to the outskirts of the city, and point out the several beauties in the embolden prospect: to the admiring gaze of Henry is it to be wondered then that, at each meeting, his heart did doubly feel the influence of his fair conductress; and he found her smiles so necessary to his existence that he thought of the period

of his leaving her with the greatest misery.

One evening, when the sun had just closed its smiling career, Henry (whose gloomy thoughts at the near approach of their parting greatly troubled him) left his new-found friend, the Confessor, to pace the olive shrubbery, across the lawn belonging to the house; he thought he distinguished the sound of Julia's guitar; he approached nearer the place from whence they seemed to issue, and every step he nearer drew, confirmed the idea, and he plainly heard her play a duet in which he had

often joined his mother; when the symphony was finished she, in a dove-like voice, sweetly warbled the following:—

"Oh how useless to dissemble,
"Soon the time comes, we must part:
How my breast does long— does tremble
For to know young Henry's heart."

His heart throbbed apace. She had altered the name of Edgar to his own; and when she had struck some rambling chords he sung the second verse, altering, in like manner, the name of Julia.

Oh how useless always sighing,
Now thy words have eas'd my smart:
Late my senses faintly dying,
Lives again in Julia's heart."

"Florella," said Julia, "is that you?"

No answer was returned.

"Take the guitar and carry it to the house."

No Florella answered; and Henry hearing her hastening round to where he had snatched such flowrets from the blossoms of harmony, instantly quitted the walk, and in silence measured his steps back to the house.

Some conversation passed between

and Gortz, and shortly after him Julia entered with her guitar.

"Oh, Gortz," said she, "I have been so entertained."

"With what, daughter? he enquired.

"With harmony in the shrubbery; —sure 'tis haunted; I have searched the myrtle hedge throughout and cannot find the fairy: in truth, I did hear some one run as if ——"

"The old one had been after them, I dare say, lady," exclaimed Jaques, entering.

Poor Jaques, who had found a new

acquaintance in the old cook at the Recorder's, was the bearer of a message from Francisco to request their company in the saloon, and thither they proceeded.

After Julia had entertained them with her harp, she retired to the gothic window of the apartment, and was viewing the moon-beams glittering on the silvery lake beneath; Henry arose and had taken the guitar, he played the duet in which he had joined Julia, with what eagerness did he observe her when she turned a trembling glance on him, then sunk upon the chair inanimate.

Fortunately, Francisco and Gortz were in deep conversation, and did not observe her. Henry hastened to her, and taking her hand pressed it to his trembling lips in silence; and then, to a heart panting for her alone, she whispered him to leave her; and he, in like manner, whispered eight o'clock the following morning in the bower of the myrtle grove.

Adieu, all care to Henry, he lived but in the thought of calling her his; and in the morning he left his couch with a gladsome heart, to meet the smile of Julia; and in the interview

with her, heard with delight, her acknowledgement of knowing no other love than his.

As thus they sat feeding on hopes of many a hour of happiness to come, the voice of Jaques, calling for his master, aroused them; Henry snatched a kiss from the hand extended towards him, and he left the sacred spot to join his servant.

This day, like all the others Henry had spent with this amiable family, flew past unheeded; but the day that confirmed the birth of his hopes, brought with it many an incident that

foretold the mutual satisfaction of each; sometimes he observed her gazing on him; and when her detected eye quitted its fastening, a smothered sigh would labour in her breast, followed by a smile.

## CHAPTER X.

"By this hand,
"Whiter than all the foam upon the sea,
"I'll love you better than man e'er love woman."

THE STORM.

HOWEVER delighted Henry had been throughout the day, he awoke to a night of horror, for he soon discovered the edifice of Francisco to be in flames: even then all was hurry and confusion. He left the apartment and hurried toward that of Julia, but was

stopt by the volumes of smoke which burst from every avenue around him; madness nearly took possession of him, he darted forward, through the destructive element, but found his progress impeded by the staircase having fallen in: he directly left the place, and hastened to the court yard, where from the windows, of the wing which Julia occupied, he observed a scaling ladder fixed; on which was discovered, at intervals, a man; soon after he was observed to be descending with Julia in his arms. Henry flew to the spot, and received the precious deposit life-

less in his embrace: soon she recovered, and starting wildly from the arms of Henry, called on her father! her parent Francisco.

"Which are his apartments?" demanded the stranger.

"Yonder," said Henry, "the flames have not yet reached the room, fly, for heaven's sake, and save him."

Swift as thought the stranger left them, and was soon seen buffetting his way through the smoking ruin, but while he was thus employed, Francisco had found his daughter, and she was soon in his arms.

Their attention was again turned to the noble stranger, who had twice so generously risked his life to save theirs. His retreat was cut off by the rapid advances of the fire: Henry conveyed the ladder to that part of the building, and fixed it, but before he could ascend to inform the stranger of his peril, a groan from the populace, heard e'en among the cracking of the timbers, foretold some new eventful disaster: they had observed the stranger fall through the flooring, which had given way with him, his body was searched for and found, but he appeared so

burnt, that life seemed verging on the eve of departure; they conveyed him to a bed in the city; and again Henry returned to find an asylum for the family of the distressed Francisco.

The inn at which Henry stopped on the first night of his entering the capitol, was pointed out as the most commodious; thither they hied, and Henry went to the convent, to desire Gortz would hasten to the recorder, and comfort him in his affliction; while he flew to the house in which they had conveyed the stranger. In the mean time Gortz

had exerted all his power to bring the almost distracted, Francisco into a little composure, and when he had, in part, succeeded, Henry, pale and trembling, entered the apartment, and sank in a chair by the side of Julia.

"Henry," said she, alarmed, "you are unwell, what new disaster has happened?"

"Oh Julia," he returned, "I have found my friend."

"Your friend Randolph?" they demanded, in a breath.

"Aye, Randolph, but alas! in what misery have I found him: 'twas him

that risked his life to save yours Julia; 'twas the generous unknown that excited, so much, the admiration of the wondering multitude."

"But is he materially hurt," tenderly she enquired.

"His left arm is broken, and otherwise, he is dreadfully burnt and bruised, yet he counts it all as nought, as he has saved the life of Julia."

"Oh, my generous deliverer, how shall I ever repay thee:" her eyes darted a glance at Henry, which drove the situation of Randolph, for an instant, from his mind.

"We can never repay him," said Francisco.

"Never," exclaimed Gortz, "but heaven will reward him."

It is almost needless to say, Randolph, at the time of the conflagration, was an inhabitant of the house of Paul Aslek, the jew; and upon the alarm being given, he hastened to give any relief in his power.

In about a week from the time of the accident, Randolph, supported by his friend Henry, entered the apartments occupied by the recorder, and was introduced to the charming Julia;

the winning grace with which she thanked her preserver, and the concern she expressed, struck deep to the heart of the romantic Randolph; who from the moment of his seeing her, was her slave: and soon it was the fate of the two friends to love the same object, with equal ardour.

The figure of the invalid could not fail to be interesting; his tall and elegant shape was dressed in the costume of the day, from his shoulders fell a long black cloak, and an olive-coloured florentine hat, with three large black feathers covered his head and, in part,

shaded his face, now pale with weakness; his arm was in a sling, and when his towering figure entered, which far out-topped that of Henry, he seemed, indeed, of interesting appearance; Julia observed, not without emotion, his eye fixed on her, for 'twas for her he had suffered so much. Compassion for his present state, and admiration for his courage, paved the way to regard, and after their parting earnestly she longed for another meeting with the interesting Randolph.

Henry determined to inform the baron, his father, of the restoration of

his friend in person, and accordingly prepared to quit the amiable family for a short time; having first obtained permission of Francisco, to address Julia as her lover; the recorder was delighted at the proposition, for owing to his late loss, he was greatly reduced in circumstances, and no one he respected so much as Henry. The delighted lover flew to communicate the tidings of his interview to Julia, and having taken leave of her, he hastened to Randolph, to inform him he should be absent a few days, for that he had some business to transact for the re-

corder in consequence of the late events at his palace.

Randolph, during the absence of Henry, became a constant visitor at the residence of Francisco; his amiable qualities soon won the hearts of all around. Many hours were spent by him in reading, from the best authors, to Julia, whose soul hung delighted on every word that flowed from his lips: she felt her love for him increase, as her regard for Henry diminished; for oft she thought could it be harm to esteem the man who had saved her life, who had nearly lost his own in the

attempt to save her father; the friend of Henry too; no, surely it was not. Thus was Randolph sapping the foundation of Henry's existence; and unknowingly usurped a place in Julia's heart, the throne on which the happiness of his friend was seated.

Randolph in vain struggled with the passion that filled his soul, for he knew 'twas impossible for him ever to call Julia his own.

One day, when she had linked her lilly arm through that of Randolph, and was strolling in the grounds of the hotel, a grotto met their view, through

which ran, in purling streams, a pebbly brook; a maze was at the back of it, at the extremity of which a cottage, nearly hid by limes and orange trees, met their astonished view; awhile they gazed, and as their thoughts broke out in words of admiration, they expressed such a congeniality of sentiment that for awhile led them away far from themselves.

"What a divine place," exclaimed Randolph, and turning to his companion he met her gaze, and unconsciously he added, "What a heaven would this be with Julia."

"What a paradise," she returned, "with Randolph."

He started at the sound; she saw—she felt her imprudence, her face was dyed in confusion, then suddenly the glow left her cheek, and she fainted on the arm of her newly acknowledged lover; he conveyed her, as well as his wounded arm would permit him, to the grotto, to obtain some water to restore to life his soul's happiness.

"Oh, charming Julia," he cried, imprinting on her clay-cold cheek a tender kiss, "my love, my Julia, revive; bless your Randolph's ears once again

with the music of your voice; let me hear the sound! speak, oh speak!"

"Randolph," she faintly said, "leave me, leave me; I shall sink with confusion; go, I beseech you."

"Tell me first, my Julia, my life, may I hope for happiness; tell me if you do not repent the endearing words which, e'en now, struck the heart of Randolph to the root; tell me ——."

"Hark, there are footsteps in the walk; fly ————."

"Nay, lady, 'tis not so; never will I leave this spot, never leave your feet,

till you have crowned my hopes, and bid me live."

"What can I say, Randolph, more than that exclamation which so unguardedly escaped my lips."

"Repeat, my Julia, the same endearing words."

"You shall ever possess my regard, my esteem, my gratitude; you saved my life; you ———."

"Better had I perished in the flames than perish in those that now consume me; better had the burning timbers fallen upon me then, and crushed me to atoms, for I should

not have felt the horror of this dreadful suspense."

"Oh, Randolph," said the blooming maid, hiding her crimsoned face in the bosom of her lover, "I am your's, eternally your's!"

He clasped his arm around her; speech for awhile forsook them both, 'twas lost in the delirium of the moment; she raised her eyes to his face, and again her head sank on his bosom. Oh, Julia, may this meeting secure thy wavering heart, may it fix it in bonds of everlasting love, may it unite thy heavenly form to the unfortunate Ran-

dolph; and when stern death claims one of you for his own, may some fair pledge be left to comfort and console the remaining solitary parent.

"Come, Randolph," at length the fair one said, "let us leave this spot and hasten home, Francisco will be impatient for our return."

"Come then, Julia," he returned, we will leave this bower, this blest abode of peace, where I have learned enough to make my towering soul fancy it has left its poor clay habitation, and had already ascended the regions of the blest. Oh, happy mo-

ment, happy Randolph, with a palpitating heart thou entered this paradise on earth, and with a gladsome one thou leavest it."

The now happy youth renewed his visits to the dwelling of Francisco, every one of which rendered him more and more secure in the affection of Julia.

It was three weeks since the departure of Henry, but he would never have entered the mind of the fair enchantress had not the name been so often mentioned by her father, who wondered at his continued silence;

and even Randolph found pleasure in his absence, for if he had been with them he found he could not relinquish the company of his mistress for that of his friend. Poor unhappy youths, born to be the bane of each other; each grasping at the same object, without knowing how deeply it affected the happiness of the other.

One day as Randolph was returning, with a light heart, from Julia, having had an interview of considerable interest with her, he felt a hand from behind jirk his scarf, and on turning round beheld the well-known features

of Hugo, concealed beneath the hood of a monk.

"Randolph," said the bravo, "thou hast betrayed us."

"Never, on my life," he returned.

"Then what dost thou at the Recorder's dwelling? if it be not to give thy father to the infernal tortures that await his seizure?"

"I saved his daughter's life at the late dreadful fire."

"Aye," said Hugo, with a sneer, "and in return she has promised thee her heart, for which thou wilt barter the life of thy father; but see yonder

pretended Savoyard, he is one of the troop; go to the Jew's house, he will follow you; go, some one approaches."

He left him, and proceeded to Paul's, followed by the disguised Savoyard, whither Hugo shortly after arrived; there his abuse burst forth against the noble youth.

"So thy mock valour made thee risk thy life to save that of my greatest enemy; the man who has, with the utmost vigilance, haunted me from place to place, without ceasing: when the friendly flames aided my purpose, when I viewed with rapture the de-

structive element revel in the ruin of his grandeur, my heart beat with joy to think how soon my vengeance would be glutted."

"Then it was by your hand the flames were kindled?"

"Thou art right boy, it was my hand that bore the flaming torch to the stabling, it was the hand of that noble fellow who stands by you that drove the meddling domestic back into the burning ruin, as with open mouth he was preparing to raise an outcry; it was my lips that applauded the deed; it was the same lips that *cursed*

*thee* for saving Julia: but fool! ideot dost thou not know, or hast thou it yet to learn, that Julia, your true love Julia, accepts the vows of your friend Henry; and that Francisco, in order to repair his shattered fortune, sanctions their loves; and on the return of Henry, which will be to-night, he will claim and receive her as his bride."

This was too much for Randolph in his present weak state; as though a bolt had striken him, devoid of life, he sank at the banditt's feet; he was conveyed to his couch, and before night,

a fever raged throughout his veins, he raved of Julia and Henry; and the morning's dawn beheld him a maniac.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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